Kula Manu 2003

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Kula Manu

2003

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH
BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY HAWAII

cover art, "Still" by Kristina D. Mitra

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...writing is not a performance but a generosity.
--Brenda Ueland (1891–1985)
U.S. author and writing teacher

We appreciate all who gave their time and talents to create this year's Kula Manu.

Kula Manu 2003

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Whispers

Amanda Kane

Miles of clouds
In the orange dusk
Swirling like a desert's shifting sands.
They are gold-rimmed puffs of air
Against the backdrop of the sea
As it stirs and sways,
To the movement of the Earth.

And the lights,
Glittering like jewels
Dotting the land with specks of color.
To the song of the silent wind,
The leaves dance
Under the glow of a translucent moon

While the laughter
Of the lavender brook
Tickles the rooted feet of a lonely tree,
As the warmth of a million souls
Round the globe,
In a sweeping circle.
Each breath, life for the next,
A whispered unity.

Hauula Elders

Jim Walker

They shift backpacks as they stride
Along Kam Highway, one behind the other
Like a tag-team ready for the touch.
Dark hair, white shirts, tanned faces—brothers.
I reach to honk greetings,
But hesitate. To break their concentration
As they scout a house and yard,
The junior mulling phrases
From the new discussion,
Might wrench them from their focus,
Make the difference at the door.

Yet another steel plate, then brake lights ahead.
A flagman holds us still
Against maneuvering machines that block our way—
Bilious backhoe and towering trucks loading.
While we sit, I wander back
To the Elders at their door.

Will this be that one-in-a-thousand?
The smiling teeth behind door number three?
The "We've been waiting for you" I hoped to hear
Most of twenty-four months years ago
Telescoped now into handfuls of dream?

I marvel at any
Able to break with home, habits, loyalties,
Fired by roots of revelation
Warm as summer sun, shedding old skin,
Stoking scalded heart, soul ablaze in change.

Tonight when I pray, I'll see you
At the doorstep, shifting, a little nervous,
Bearing your grail with grace and grit.
I pray for the miracle of open minds, receptive spirits
For your gift—
Better than frankincense and myrrh, laid at the feet
Of whatever little child opens the door
Where the three of you stand and knock.

Lord

Brigham Larson

Walking Shoes

Jennie Allred

Just as always, I walk to my job at the E-Z Stop along the hot, hard city sidewalks in my faded Nikes. I've had this pair for over a year now. The soles are brittle and cracking, the laces dirty gray; odd mates to the brand-new nylon stockings I've stretched over my melting ankles. I don't do much to hold on to my youth anymore, but I won't give up on stockings.

The pavement is cracked and broken from the pressure of so many feet; heavy feet without much reason to lift themselves up. The weight of everyone and all their troubles pound against the concrete, mine not the least. I've got varicose veins, a creaky hip, and my son never calls me anymore: but that story is older than I am.

The depressing thing is, the sidewalk is able to make the best of its lot in life. Even in this smog-stuffed, soul-shrinking city, choked, scrubby grass manages to grow between the slabs of man-made stone. They make little streaks of gray-green between ages of dirty black and gray, and red, where the peeling paint warns motorists not to park.

Heaven forbid they should park. Why should they park? Let them keep their troubles in their cars, driving back and forth along the speedway in their mechanical cocoons. Music, air conditioning, padded seats—each of them driving alone, even in the carpool lane. Thousands of them, so many empty cars able to carry so many more weary feet, ease so many more weary hearts, and each of those people drives alone.

Maybe they are actually worse off than we are. Maybe they don't feel as if the sidewalk could take their troubles. Maybe they drive alone in their cars because their troubles are so bad that to share them with anyone would kill them. I don't know. Maybe they feel lost without their cars, like some are lost without soap operas, or chocolate, or beauty magazines or football or manicures. To share their car with someone would be like sharing underwear. I wonder if anyone would ever request burial in their car? It would save on coffin expenses. Nice padding, color co-ordination, not to mention sentimental value. Might make the viewing harder, though.

I stop at the light. Pedestrians and the motorists have little in common, but lights are one. Everybody lives by the lights. Everybody has to stop when they see a red light, and when the light turns green, they have to go, whether they really want to or not. Kind of like birth and death I guess. People sometimes talk about the light at the end of the tunnel. I wonder if anyone ever sees a red light?

Light's green now. I cross the crosswalk, a place where feet and wheels legally co-exist. I got hit once. Tapped, really. The bozo didn't put his brakes on quite in time, and knocked me over like a lone bowling-pin. Broke the eggs I had just bought. Broke 'em all. I was fine, not that he bothered to find out. Already all wrapped up in his motorized coffin.

Two more blocks to go. There's the old magazine stand. It's just a shack really, squatting on the corner, held up by heaven-knows-what. Last week I would have stopped to buy me a book of crossword puzzles, (got to have *something* to do when business is slow), but it's closed now. Old Gregory died on Sunday. Nobody noticed until Monday morning when Enrique stopped by for his weekly wrestling magazine, and found the old man sitting, smiling in his bent aluminum lawn chair, a Playboy hanging loose from his wrinkled old fingers. I've still got a few puzzles left in last week's book, though.

One more block. One more red light. One more green light. I miss Horace. He killed himself falling asleep in his car. Always had to drive. A crazy old coot, but he was a good listener, and a comfort at the end of the day. Met him 40 years ago when I was working as a waitress at the Desert Trout in Nevada. He was a trucker looking for a reason to settle down. I guess I was that reason. We moved to Seattle, raised a family, moved to Ohio, raised chickens, then finally here to Trenton, PA. Never did get around to raising hell. We were together almost every day, through thick and thicker. He was a good listener. For the last 15 years, though, I just walk and only the sidewalk listens to me now.

I hope they bury me in my walking shoes.

Let Me

Andrew Helm

Let me be your McDonald's,
I love to see you smile.
Let me be your Holiday Inn,
come stay for awhile.
Let me be your Toyota
with a ten year warranty.
Let me be your Visa Card,
everywhere you wanna be.
Let me be your AT&T
serving you so well.
Let me be your computer,
"Dude, you're gettin' a Dell!"
Let me be your life insurance
because I care about you.
Let me be your 1-800 COLLECT,
save a buck or two.
Let me be your Cheerios,
a honey of an O.
Let me be your favorite song,
"Where ever You May Go."
For you I would be anything.
There's nothing I wouldn't do,
but if I could be just one thing,
Let me be with you.

Best Friends

Elaine McArthur

Except the One

Daniel Stansfield

Heavy breath escapes white in the cold,
I lie in the leaves, black gun at my side.
Waiting.

You used to sit by me, squirreling into my jacket,
With a promise to be quiet when they got close.
I'd laugh...all was well, and finally
They were near.

I watched them come.
Six all together, one with horns branching like lightning.
To make sure that fear is not an absolute force
I left it.
Now I ride my fear effortlessly
Over leaves with a black gun at my side.

They scatter—
Except the one.
I wait.

You used to laugh when my beard would touch your hand.
You used to laugh, before the leaves fell,
Before indecision brought the endless winter.

Now I tread the leaves violently,
The fallen ones, the waiting ones,
With a black gun ripping through the icy white.
I'd seen the look before. You made it once,
When the white and black meets—
The branching horns softly fall to the ground.
No sound.
Spotted red on the white.
Black smoking.
No sound.

I think of you often at times like this.

Some days pass sporadically,
Like autumn leaves detaching, and falling
Becoming lost on the leaf-littered earth.

Breathless, motionless, but with a hope,
That time is nothing but dreams realized.
You used to laugh before indecision tore you away,
And yet I am still motionless, still waiting.

Wrestling

Kaitlin Palmer

I.
Weapons of war aside,
real men, unabashed and
ever so unshod, unclothed
salute a judge and (untamed
by crowds and civility)
lay into, cradle, half nelson and
in game incite
nefariosity. Reduced to
gold, silver, and bronze.

II.
Wriggling, we
roll over bodies and between sand.
Elbow or knee in eye or
Stomach. Scratched.
Too top heavy and tangled to
lie—lustfully, lazily—
in play. You are
nervous. I
grunt without guile.

The Ticket

Chris Larsen

"Rollover jack pot! The biggest mega-lotto in thirty years," proclaims a newscaster on a mini Sony television hanging over the register in a "Quikee" convenient store nestled on a busy corner of a city. If it were all wadded up in a ball and wrung out, the store would ooze with a mixture of stale coffee and Cheetos. It's a grimy store but convenient as is apparent with the afternoon bustle. One after another, the trench-coated, brief-cased workers file in, pick up their Wall Street Journal, pint of Ben and Jerry's, and file out. Except one, a university man, a professor. The TV blares a synthesized jingle,"Pick up your ticket before its too late. IT COULD BE YOU!"

"Not me," the university man shrugs while his eyes gleam with the consideration. He doesn't have the trench coat or the brief case but an olive tweed jacket and a tan leather attaché case stuffed with the latest critical analyses of Wuthering Heights to grade. This man is a creature of habit. He picks out the certain magazine and newspaper. He knows the kid at the register due to these predictable afternoon stints. They exchange pleasantries,

"Is that everything, Sir?" The university man gazes at the splendid array of lotto tickets luring his eyes into their kaleidoscope of color. There is a pause.

"Uhh. Yes. I'd like one of those please," gesturing to the glass case of tickets. "One of those 'Roll over' big ones," he chuckles at his own dry humor. "Yep, that's the one. Oh no, just one, please." The professor takes the cash from his wallet where all the ironed bills are filed in descending order. He finds the exact coins in his pocket of change and pays the kid. After, he gathers his items and tucks the ticket into the top of his attaché case for later. As he pivots to shuffle out the door, a weatherman's voice is heard over the TV,

"Be careful. It's a blustery one out there in the city this afternoon. The sidewalks are covered with black ice." The university man steps out of the door, and is met by a gust of wind that disturbs him, so he lowers his head, pulls up the collar of his tweed jacket and forges through the elements. Two steps later, a kid on roller blades slams into him and spurs a chain of events: the attaché case falls, the university man grumbles, the papers scatter, and the kid mutters with an edge of defense,

"Man, I'm sorry." The ticket has been jostled out of the front pocket in all the hubbub into a grimy puddle of slush. With a grumble of agitation, the professor collects an armful of slush-spotted papers

and stuffs them back into his case. It's a guarantee that this messy incident has ruined his night. Then it begins to rain. He hails a cab and catches the first one that, like a stallion, rears its way alongside the curb in front of him.

The ticket is lifted from its position on the sidewalk by a burst of wind and skitters onto the windshield of a black Beamer where it is smeared across the street into a passel of dogs. A Rottwhiler bends down to sniff it, but is disinterested in the card of paper and scrambles out of the path of a herd of people barreling down the walk. One of them wears size 10 ½ tan construction boots. They step on the ticket and take it along. These are the boots of a working man. He ralks (walk-runs) briskly to his apartment building and up to the 4th story, room 412A with the ticket on his boot. It's a modest apartment where a working class Jewish family sits and discusses the bills, hard times, but in an optimistic way. There are three children, 7, 4, and 2 ? and an older couple. The TV sits on the dresser and above that a makeshift loft sleeps the kids. It's warm and smells of cinnamon and hot chocolate. The workingman has just returned from his day job as a truck driver and has just enough time to snatch his change of clothes, kiss his wife, and jet out the door to the café where he waits tables. As he is leaving, one of his kids notices the paper on his shoe and calls out, "Daddy!" but the man is gone before he can hear. As the workingman hurries down the steps, the ticket sticks behind on the landing of the 2nd floor.

Here a stout bald janitor in a brown unisuit is placing a plaque commemorating 30 years of service onto the cinder block wall. He steps back, takes an approving glance, picks up his broom to continue sweeping the orange-tiled hallway. He grumbles about this and that, half day dreaming, "Rrrrr…30 years to be sweepin' up others' messes…" He has worked constantly and consistently but is a tired man now. He gathers a "100 Grand" candy wrapper, a Chinese take-out container, and the ticket into the mix of throw-aways. The tired man mumbles to himself out to the dumpster and takes a moment to look around at the fortress of skyscrapers.

"Hmmmph…why is everybody in such a rush?" he asks the nippy air. "Slow down, doggonit! I'm about to."

Down the sidewalk a professional woman hastily approaches. She epitomizes one of those black, sleek, "I work on Wall street and make oodles of money" suits, Prada or Gucci. Her eyes look ambitious but hollow. She speaks on her cell phone like she is still in this morning's phone conference but it is to the man behind her. Her husband.

"Did you make reservations at 'Pane e Salute' for tonight?" she asks.

"No," her husband answers.

"Why not?" they keep walking and talking on their phones to one another. As she passes the tired man, she sneaks a piece of paper from those in his hand. The husband hales a cab and opens the door, trying to get away from his wife, but she quickly scrawls a number on the ticket and shoves it in his hand. "Call and make a reservation, all right? I can meet you there at 8:45." They stare at one another blankly. The ticket never makes it into his hand but drops in the chasm between the couple. He looks away and gets in the cab and is gone. The professional woman's jaw clenches, brows collapse, and nose wrinkles. She commences her walk down the avenue to stop any tears. A college girl sees the ticket and yells,

"Excuse me, you dropped something…"

"Keep it," says the Prada suit.

The college girl is in her freshman year at university and "the city". She glances down at the number on the ticket, borrows her friend's purple cell and calls it up, "Hello? Italian Bistro? Do you have Tiramisu? Okay. Yeah well, two for 9:30 then. Shepherd." She tucks the ticket into her LL. Bean fleece jacket and walks off giggling with her friends, enjoying life and all of its moments. She's a carefree girl. Down the block they duck into a busy Internet café, " LOGGED ON." Inside, people are chatting and some are dancing. There is a hip groove. Several TVs are positioned above the espresso bar. Some tables have families, couples, college students. The care free girl is shown to a table by the fireplace with her friends. Their waiter is the working man from earlier…the one with the modest apartment on the 4th floor and lovely family. The girls order some espresso and biscotti. They look content as they reconstruct the events of last night's Tri Delta party. The working man patiently listens to their banter and eventually gets their order. Behind them, another waiter brings a lighted piece of cake to the tired man, the janitor who sits with his daughter and son-in-law. The candle reflects in his pupils and smiles for the first time in years. The daughter leans over to kiss the man on the cheek and hands him a wrapped gift.

Outside the café in the blustery atmosphere, the professional woman begins to race past the window of the café but stops to peer in. She admirers the people for a moment until her eyes water up for the umpteenth time in the past half hour. Embarrassed by her emotion, she continues her way down the avenue alone.

Soon after, the carefree college girl finishes the foam from her cappuccino and reaches into her pocket to get her wallet. The ticket slips in the process and settles on the floor under the table. She leaves the tip and they move to the corner of the restaurant to the computers

where she uses the orange IMAC to email her boyfriend about the tiramisu for later that evening.

Finally, the university man arrives in his tweed olive jacket and is shown to the table by the fireplace. He situates himself and takes off his tweed jacket, brushing the leftover precipitation off the sleeves. He orders a long pull double latte and some apple pie, ala mode. He notices some paper under his foot and looks down to find his ticket. He tweaks his head to the side and rubs his chin in consideration of how it got there. After a moment of unsuccessful reflection he shakes it off and places it on the table and pulls up the leather case to start the grading process. Randomly, he sticks his hand in and pulls out a paper on "Why Heathcliff is a Freak" by Joey Dean. He shakes his head, widens his eyes, cocks his pen, and digs right in with all he's got.

Later his pie is done and he is on his second latte. Time passes slowly, but calmly. Promptly at 6:28PM, a hush falls over the café as the bartender turns up the TV. A sort of anticipation hovers. The tired man looks up from the book on chess strategies that his daughter had given him. He seems interested. The college girl turns from the Virgin Records home page to see what is up and the working man stops working for a moment to lean back and drink some water. The university man notices the change in the ambiance, puts down the term paper, and pulls his ticket closer. The screen glows with the tumbling wheel of gyrating lotto balls around, around, and around, "The biggest jackpot in 30 years,"the university man thinks to himself, with an inkling of hope. The numbers roll out and are announced one by one "....21.....59.....3..... 9." As the last number is called, the crowd is still hushed....and a slight smile creaks from the corner of the university man's face.

Lemon Semifreddo Cake

Sienna Palmer

We sift flour by the
crank in a hollow tin cylinder.
Yellow yolks separate
from clinging clear whites
carefully. She washes her hands
after each one.

I stir sugar and water
over red heat.
She whips bleached white fluff
with a buzzing whipping machine.

Together pouring and
mixing batter on
palms, fingers, and cheeks
as we brush wispy hair
from busy eyes
reading teaspoons and
ounces and cups
as if
it matters.

Bowls

Leilani Bascom

Serenity

Stacie Stroud

ten minutes
no squalling baby
no greasy dishes dangerously piled
no soggy diapers drooping
or trying toddler
creating crayon
etchings on the wall
ten minutes
a bolted door
sagging into searing water
soaking sallow skin
steam fogs
the toothpaste spattered
bathroom mirror

Double Feature Friday

Mark and Megan Romo

In that stage between pajamas with feet and late-night carousing, Friday night in my house was video night. The seven of us—mom, dad, four brothers, and a nearly mute sister—rotated the position of movie-picker. One night, my father brought home a film he described as "amazing," "suspenseful," and "thrilling"—a box office record breaker! Dad's last winning pick had been some Cheech and Chong disaster. With little faith, we gathered in the family room around the big screen—a *24-incher*—and dad slid the video in its slot. Previews. The FBI Warning. And then my heart caught the beat of Indian drums as the title screen flashed The Last of the Mohicans.

The movie had Indians. It had fighting. It had tomahawks, and it had blood. There were arrows and guns—black powder rifles, which I knew were heavy—but more than anything else, the movie had costumes. The white guys on both sides were clad in uniforms with vests and shiny brass buttons, gentlemen's uniforms; those were okay, but I was interested in the bald, painted, loinclothed savages. Those Indians, indifferent to their less-than-noble attire, ran around New England shooting, pillaging, plundering, slashing, bashing, scalping and basically massacring enemies wherever they were found. Boy Scouts had nothing on these guys.

The credits rolled and my family migrated to the kitchen where my mom had laid out treats—typical stuff: sticky buns, chocolate chip cookies. Everyone was abuzz with talk of the movie:

"I'm glad Hawkeye didn't die. I thought he was a goner."

"I just loved the soundtrack."

"Too bad there's only one Mohican left—"

"Yeah, well, he just needs to find a Mohica. Then they can create some more." They were absorbed in critique, but my adventure wasn't through. With images of the battle scenes replaying in my mind, I raced up the stairs to my bedroom. I was going to be a Mohican, and I needed a costume.

On the way to my room I stole into the bathroom and snatched the first bath towel I could find, one of my mom's new towels from Penny's. It was fluffy and huge, a bath sheet. I tried it on, but because I was still bursting onto my manhood, the loincloth didn't fit like it should. Using my Indian prowess, I crept across the hall and seized a pair of shears from my mother's sewing closet. They would be useful in hunting bear later, but now I needed them to construct my buckskin

bottoms. In my bedroom, I sliced the towel into strips, threaded one through my legs to safeguard my modesty (I didn't know if Indians wore underwear), and tied another piece around my waist. One more strip and I had myself an Indian headband.

We didn't have any war paint, but my mom wore makeup, which may as well have been war paint, and in a drawer of her vanity I found a tube of bloody red lipstick. Splitting my face, I painted a line from my forehead to my chin; then I drew a circle on each of my cheeks and a slash down the center of my nose. With my appearance complete and completely fearsome, I turned my attention to the weapons I would need. With wire coat hangers, tape, cardboard and more tape, I began to make my tomahawk.

When I didn't pick up as much noise as I thought my family should be making, I became suspicious. In the instant I started to wonder if my absence hadn't gone unnoticed, the door flew open, and my father, video camera in hand, burst in, followed by my two older brothers, my mother, my sister, and baby brother. Letting out a battle cry, I flexed my muscles and readied myself to fling the tomahawk at my nearest enemy.

Poised for defense, I realized the red light on the video camera meant I was in the cross-hair; my performance was becoming part of the family home video arsenal. Visions of future family reunions and first dates flashed through my mind, and I scrambled underneath my bunk bed. As my father grabbed my left foot and yanked me from my wigwam, my sturdy loincloth proved not to be so sturdy. Now this home video was one that needed to be watched with "Parental Advisory."

Steel and Stone

Nicole Parkinson

Dry Lake, California

Randal Allred

at the foot of Mt. San Gorgonio
July 10, 1984
(if Thoreau were here, with Walt Whitman as scribe)

I have met Satan
In the wilderness
And I have heard
The voice of God
And I have read
With blind fingertips
The petroglyphs of woodgrubs
In the barkless faces
Of the mute pines
And the vibrant forest
Has nibbled from my palm
And I have drunk deeply
The life blood of the mountains
And I have slept deeply
On the fragrant bosom of the mountains
And I have heard answers
In a language I once knew
Breathe in the trees

When Homework Doesn't ADD Up

Amber Clark

Ten minutes into Thursday and twenty minutes into my statistic homework I stop, slamming the book shut in frustration. Elementary Statistics, Teacher's Edition is stacked on top of the green duo-tang folder then topped with Hogg and Tanis's blue-grey text: Probability and Statistical Inference.

I'm bored.

No that's not quite it. Actually I'm ADD. Which is great, except for times like now. Times when I *want* to focus.

How can you focus with a "neurological syndrome marked by distractibility, impulsivity, and restlessness"...?

How can you focus when you can't?

ADD, a common term now, conjures up images of a hyperactive elementary school kid or perhaps the class clown of junior high. Images of ADHD. Images of my brother. ADD is much subtler, harder to spot. We're quiet, and have possibly even learned to survive reasonably well in school but we daydream and wander and find it impossible to concentrate.

So here I am, at this ridiculous hour, cursing lesson 1.2.

Only six more lessons to go.

Out of eight.

Can't stare at the problem any longer.

With medication I'm fine. Ritalin's the most commonly prescribed. "Take a chill pill," they say; but it works, for a few hours. Three, maybe four. You can have your pick between the five or ten milligrams. I prefer Dexedrine. It comes in ten or fifteen milligram caplets filled with dozens of tiny orange balls and lasts up to six hours, if you're lucky. Without it it's like I can't see. Read it ten times. What did it say?

Try again. Books fly open. Maybe if I try it fast. Fast enough to focus. Concentrate. Fast.

1.2-3: *Consider an experiment...*

Hey I know that song. Floating across the street from the boys' dorm.

Focus.

Consider the experiment that consists of selecting a card at random...

Cards. Remember explaining what aces were at work?

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12 13- Sample space. Stop.

What about cards?

(Reading out loud) *Consider the experiment that consists of selecting a card at random from an ordinary deck.*

Hey that's kind of funny "let me stop and consider…, oh I see, very interesting—not." Their wording is so amusing.

Consider the experiment that consists of selecting a card at random from an ordinary deck. Okay, considering. *Let the random variable X equal*— oh shoot, forgot to send that e-mail.

Too late now.

Can't forget tomorrow.

Tomorrow, Tomorrow, Tomorrow.

Remember.

Tomorrow.

Scratch a note, remember, on a torn edge of paper. It drowns in the sea of chaos.

Okay. 12:35. Focus. *Consider the experiment that consists of selecting a card at random from an ordinary deck. Let the random variable X equal the value of the selected card, where Ace=1*

(What do you call an ace in Chinese? Or do they even play?…), *Jack=11*

(Jack, that sounds familiar, what movie was he in? I must have just watched something…oh, wait, maybe he's one of the characters in the book I'm reading…or maybe…),

Queen = 12, and King =13. Thus the space of X is S = {1, 2, 3, …, 13}. If the experiment is performed in an unbiased manner,

Unbiased, unprejudiced, like cards are prejudiced.

'What's a third reason people are prejudiced?' Ting wants to know. "Background, Hate and one more…" I wonder if she finished the paper…

Oh shoot. What was the question again?

Consider the experiment that consists of selecting a card at random from an ordinary deck. Let the random variable X equal the value of the selected card, where Ace=1, Jack=11, Queen = 12, and King =13. Thus the space of X is S = {1, 2, 3, … , 13}. If the experiment is performed in an unbiased manner, assign probabilities to these 13 outcomes and compute the mean ? and the variance ? of this probability distribution. There.

Wait, what?

Maybe I need a candy bar. Yeah, a candy bar, that'll help me focus-or put me to sleep. I wonder if Security will get mad…risk it.

All right, I am ready now. Ready to consider:

> *Consider the experiment that consists of selecting a card at random form an ordinary deck. Let the random variable X equal the value of the selected card, where Ace=1, Jack=11, Queen = 12, and King =13. Thus*

the space of X is S = {1, 2, 3, …, 13}. If the experiment is performed in an unbiased manner, assign probabilities to these 13 outcomes and compute the mean ? and the variances ? of this probability distribution.

Okay. Find the mean of the "probability distribution."

Does that just mean find the mean? I know mean is the average but what was probability distribution? Maybe I should have read the chapter…

Chapter 1.2 THE MEAN, VARIANCE, AND STANDARD DEVIATION

Let us return to…wait how many pages was this? One, two three, four…five? Close enough. Five pages. 12:55 am. No way. I have to get this done. This isn't that hard! I'm a math tutor, this is what I do. Math. I need some Dexedrine.

15 mg Spansules.

Targeting my frontal lobes, making synaptic connections in my brain, letting me focus.

Take ONE capsule(s) as needed as directed by physician.

My physician.

Back home.

In Canada.

Forgot to call again.

I need to remember.

Tomorrow.

Due Tomorrow: Math classes: Statistics—Test! *finish homework,* Abstract Algebra—Quiz, *do the homework;* Theatre classes: Acting II—read chapters 4,5,6 and then for Directing—*read* chapter 3; Modern Dance: Practice!; Religion: *read* 2nd Corinthians, 13 chapters; Chinese: Test! *Study;* English classes: Screenwriting—*read* next 100 pages, Short Stories—presentation, interpret story, read story, Creative Writing—1000 word essay…what else did I forget…

Can't focus.

Remember.

Tomorrow.

Remember…

Only two capsules left. Can't take one now, not 'til there's more, won't survive midterms. Can't study though. Can't focus. Can't read. It's like I can't see. Read it ten times. What did it say?

Perceptions (of the Pacific Islands)

Jodi Pyle

Traditions, please keep
They hold meanings of intrigue
Learn, to know, to love

Dancing captivates
Souls become one, motivates
Mana, the power, strength

Singing, intense, shows might
Voices blend, sent to the heights
To hear, moves, excites

Art illustrates life
Deity, tools, beauty, strife
Impacts inner self

Tales show history
Reveal personality
Precious insights gained

Island, breath of spirit
Enchantress, reverence, pleasing
Core of one's being

People, a delight
Center of all emotions
Lively, playful, bright

Differences honored
Each culture unique, cherished
Splendors of the Sea

Purses and Pockets

Mitchell Colver

Sometimes, when my pockets get cluttered, I wish I carried a purse. Even more, I wish a male carrying a purse was socially acceptable. You see, guys are not allowed the convenience of carrying around spacious containers for all of our various bits and pieces. To go a step further, society assumes that guys don't have various little bits and pieces to carry around. In some unsaid way, carrying around a variety of small convenience items, such as gum, pens, loose change, a notepad, fingernail clippers, a comb, Chapstick and whatnot (especially when these items are in a bag attached to a strap) is in direct violation of being a "real man."

The idea that guys don't have many objects and items to carry around is a misconception. Even now, I am carrying in my pockets a wallet, my keys, a pocket watch, a pen, a notepad, and a zip disk. That may not seem like much, but the space is easily consumed as I feed more items into my pockets. I often find my pockets brimming with pens I find on the ground, Chapstick, gum or candy, loose change, notes from girls (they're all over me), paperback novels, envelopes, Tic-Tacs, and combs. At the end of a busy day my pockets ache to be emptied. And, when pockets do get full, retrieving a quarter or my student ID from the depths becomes next to impossible, requiring the systematic emptying of either side.

Besides all of our belongings, girls often request us to carry their belongings as well. These items include Chapstick, cell phones, lipstick, gum, and money. These are the lesser evils. The size and quantity of the objects is not always the problem, but the shape. I'm sure you know the pain of sitting down on a ring of keys or having a hair brush jammed up against your thigh (well, maybe not the hairbrush, but you get the idea).

Sometimes, the problem is not what is in the pocket, but the pocket itself. Pockets can be too big, too small, or badly manufactured. Certain textiles are hard to deal with. For example, with a pair of well starched jeans you can't get your hand in the pocket without getting rug-burn. Girls' pant styles are so tight that getting any object into the pocket, regardless of how small, is next to impossible. And, if girls do manage to stuff a Chapstick into their pocket without ripping the seams, eventually retrieving the object is impossible.

The unintentional and unseen emptying of the pockets through broken seams and holes is a well-known malady. How much grief has

come from that pesky hole in the bottom of your pocket? Realizing that the $50 or the opera tickets that you had put into your pocket have fallen our through a hole is a horrific feeling. Quite often, when this happens, all hope is lost.

But, I am getting ahead of myself! Let me start at the headwaters of modern western society. In the days of the Enlightenment, a man carrying a purse was no oddity. Purses back then were not what we carry today. Then, as Herman Melville tells us, "a purse [was] but a rag unless you [had] something in it." The wallet and the billfold didn't exist. The bill didn't either. So good gentleman toted around coins in small bags. As for the ladies, a purse or handbag was necessary back then, and understandably so; for it was not then acceptable for women of good society to wear pants.

When the bill came into existence men stopped carrying purses and took up wallets and billfolds. Notice the societal implications of that. One might gather money to be the only possession of any importance men need to carry (even the size and shape of the wallet implies this). This is not true today and wasn't then either. Men carried snuff boxes, smoking pipes, watches, and countless other items. Surely some sort of external compartment would have been as useful then as today.

Carrying a purse has obvious advantages. You don't have to be so selective about what you choose to take out of the house with you every morning. Men must strictly avoid putting certain items into their pockets (i.e. sharp pencils and scissors). A small bag or purse would be very helpful for that sort of thing. Also, you can take a great deal more with you. I often want to take a deck of cards or a camera with me, should a Kodak moment arise.

Industrial strength model purses have the capacity of a Toyota compact. These massive purses are frequently carried about by Mormon mothers. My mom, mother of ten, was known for carrying two. Of course, if a man is going to carry a purse that large, a briefcase would suit. Although, carrying a large purse would start to be more of a burden than a convenience. Certainly the arms and shoulders are not made to constantly carry the weight equivalent of a 9-year-old.

Other disadvantages to carrying a purse do exist. Certainly theft is more common. Organization becomes all but impossible. What woman has not known the bottomless pit into which her entire life is conglomerated into one pouch, whatever the size. A mass of credit cards, mascara, lipstick, hair clips, other accessories, pens, pencils, scraps of paper scrawled with indiscernible messages and phone numbers, boxes of mints and packages of gum, tampons, eye-lash curlers, pieces of chewed gum, tissues (some fresh, some used and crumpled). All nearly impossi-

ble to dig through. The disadvantage here is that while blindly sifting though the plethora of objects you also find the gooey fuzz covered mysteries like that lint-mint or sun-melted life-saver.

I once knew a girl who just adored Skittles. Every time she came across a bag she bought it and threw it into her purse. Although she constantly munched on them, her consumption did not equal her acquisition. Not only were there several half-eaten bags in her purse, but also many individual candies that had taken the opportunity to escape into the depths. Once we were standing and talking when her purse lost its balance on her shoulder and out spilled eight pounds of rainbow.

So yes, the purse may be hard to keep organized, but is this not true of the wallet as well? The other day a friend of mine was consulting me on what exactly he should remove from his wallet; four year old business cards, expired Costco cards and unrecognizable "For the Strength of Youth" pamphlets were among the choices. I noted that his wallet was similar to the one my father carries: made of leather with a picture of a leaping deer on it. Mine is simple velcro with poor stitching.

You can tell a lot about a man by how he keeps his wallet organized (if at all). Some men file all of their receipts in their wallet, no matter how minute the purchase. I've seen wallets that looked like bricks. And, regardless of how large, they do go into the pocket, taking up that precious space. I used to carry mine in my back pocket (that is what I thought I was supposed to do, as a man), but the back pain was horrible. I still can't figure out how other men carry it back there.

You can tell even more about a woman by her choice of purse and how she chooses to organize it. Some women choose a small hand bag, others a small pouch on the end of a strap. The more left-brained girl will buy a purse will all sorts of compartments, zippers, velcroed pockets, and little pouches. But today, the purse is less of a convenient storage compartment and more a fashion accessory. Purses come in every color and size (some too small to carry anything at all). I always poke fun at my good friend, Jane. Her purse has barely enough space for her school ID and a small container of lip gloss.

Notwithstanding the disadvantages, I would still like to carry a purse. Something not so fashion directed, but certainly larger than a wallet. In the 1980s, a great compromise was found, but at the cost of all that is right and good—the fanny pack. Nothing about the idea of having a pouch attached to one's belt is inherently bad or distasteful. It's actually quite efficient. The problem arises from the decade in which it was invented and the connotations attached. At the time the fanny pack was mass produced, the two colors most in-style were neon green and

hot pink. That and the name give reason for its negative image. Fanny? Fanny. Fanny is a word used by 42-year-old soccer moms.

No happy median has yet been reached. For now, I suppose that I will have to settle on pants with several fairly large zipper pockets. My pockets still clutter, but I think I'm more comfortable with occupied pockets. Having them full makes me feel complete and ready for life's challenges. I always carry a pen in my pocket and bring it out with great pride in response to "Does anyone have a pen?" Thinking on it, one of my daily rituals as I leave my house in the mornings is to pat each of my pockets to make sure I have everything. Knowing that, feeling my pockets full, gives me comfort.

Near Meeker, CO

Luke Mease

a thin, white stream of breath danced
across grey clarity frozen to a waxing sky
tiny waves rolled
across fields of bristly, erect hairs
sharp snow cracked and melted
under scratchy green wool
dull brass shells ticked and scratched a slow disappearance
into a dark, blue barrel

tiny silhouettes slowly faded from black to brown
snaking and slipping across a thin ridge
into a warm bath of sunlight
the frozen silence gently stretched and flexed
across blue sage and brown grass
before swallowing two sharp cracks
wildly rebounding across a shallow yellow, blue, brown valley

tiny puffs of white and gentle gasps of burning lungs
echoed down through fields of low grass, across a frozen muddy road
up through tight gaps of oak brush
following flecks of red ink stains and stumbling, split footprints

halting, quietly kneeling
with head bowed in solemn concentration
a flickering blade tracing a memorized path
scratching and hissing through layers of
soft brown, sticky white and gurgling red
a warm, wet tide crawling up,
flooding fingernails
moistening cracked, dry knuckles,
softly subsiding after painting a bright red line across dancing elbows

a red perforation stretched across a frozen white canvas
and tiny brown hairs carved long furrows in the snow,
obscuring tired footprints and the path
leading away from a steaming pile of elk entrails,
writhing a coil of incense heavenward,
tracing and trailing a humble prayer's path

Fly Fishing

Daniel DeMartini

The pale green numbers shined bright in the dark side of the room: 2:26 am. Yellow beams from the lamp guided my meticulous fingers and cast shadows over the sweat stained t-shirts, crumpled paper, and soiled socks that littered the blue shag carpet. The swirling grain in the wood-paneled walls reflected an orange hue. I glanced up. All I saw was my reflection staring back at me in the window. I smiled at myself. My eyes moved down to the project at hand. My vise held a size 14 hook. I tied the finishing knot. Brown, white, green, gray, tan, red, yellow, silver, and gold; all the colors of the rainbow smothered the surface of my desk in the form of feathers, hackles, yarns, threads, beads, fish hooks, deer hair, rabbit hair and synthetic hair. My desk was modern art. An artist could have found the meaning of life in that scattered mess. I know I did.

I released the clamp and the fly fell into my open palm. The gold bead, right behind the eye of the hook, sparkled. The shank was covered with a rabbit fur, and fibers stuck out of the tan hairball—precisely disordered. Gold wire ribbed the hair making it appear like the segmented body of an insect. The tail consisted of a bunch of small hairs tied to the back of the hook. I closed my eyes and my creation swam through the swaying current. It drifted into a rippling eddy and was snatched by an unseen mouth. I smiled again. I first realized my obsession when sharp pieces of metal garnished with hair from a rabbit's butt looked appetizing. I placed the freshly fashioned fly into the plastic container with the fifteen fellow hatchlings I had tied moments before. The gold beads sparkled like change in a casino.

I stood up from my chair, walked to my bed and sank into the blue blankets. I didn't need the sleep but I closed my eyes anyway. On nights before fishing I slept about as much as on Christmas Eve. The anticipation aroused me before the darkness melted into a copper horizon.

I sprang out of bed, wide-awake: 5:17am. I knew where all my gear was without turning on the light. I felt my way through the house, blind. The summer morning air was clean and warm on my mountain. I can't believe people remain sane waking up in smog-filled cities. My hands grabbed the roll bar and I swung into the door-less Jeep. The keys were still in the ignition. I was half way down the street before I turned on the headlights. I was headed for my spot, an old-fashioned fishin' hole.

Deer Creek runs through the heart of Nevada City, a historical Victorian gold mining town. The several miles downstream are inaccessible by road—that's why I have 34-inch tires. I felt sorry for tread trapped between the civil white and yellow lines. I yanked the steering wheel off the pavement. A hundred people drive that road every day and don't even see the old mining trail within the closely-knit pine trees. The uneven ground bounced a grin onto my face. The Jeep tore through the forest; dust swelled into thunderheads. The joy of my journeys is found between the starting point and the destination. I mean, any day of the week, I can walk across the cold checkered-linoleum of the seafood section, buy a trout, hold it in my hands and let its slime melt into my fingers. Hell! I could take the trout, throw it in my swimming pool, and use my best casting technique to try to snag its floating carcass. I'd save time. Ironically, the trout would be bigger than any fish I've ever yanked out of Deer Creek.

The wind chilled as I dropped deeper into the canyon. I sucked the soothing air far into my nostrils. The trail ended at a sparse grove of slender, wild cherry trees. Silvery bark reflected in my headlights. I killed the engine. Silence. My ears adjusted like eyes to darkness. Faint, lapping water filled the canyon. Sunlight ready to spill into the canyon. My life is a race against the sun. I pieced my pole together and threaded the fluorescent line through the golden eyes.

I moved through the tall grass, the dew on the blades washed my legs. I felt sanctified. Deer Creek ran in one fluid, black shadow. At my feet, the water rolled against the gravel bank. This granite had waited billions of years to be exposed and polished in this creek bed. Color started to dissolve the blackness from behind the ridge of pines. I smiled. I pulled out line from the reel. My wrist snapped quick, suspending the little line above my head. As I pulled out more line, the tempo slowed. Soon my arm, wrist and pole united. Stretching back and forth. Pacing with every third heart beat. Back. Forth. No jerking or whipping. Only pulling. Back. Forth. The waving line painted long, curving brush strokes across an invisible canvas. I was hypnotized by the flowing of the line and rod, mellifluous as the gentle stream. The trees, the water, and the rocks melted into one. I was lost. If there were no appointments, no jobs, no obligations, then only the setting sun would break my concentration.

Once I was in the mountains three days. Three days away from civilization. The sunrise set my pole in motion and the sunset retired it. Hunger? None. Thirst? None. My mind is smartest when under the trance of Deer Creek. Meditation is easy with a pole in my hand. Being monk would be a great if I could fish the whole time.

In between a forth and a back, I'd let the line drop onto the mirrored trees. The fly, as soft as a sprinkle, balanced on the surface tension of the water. I'd entice the hidden bulls for a second and retract. Then, I would paint some more. The sun bounced off the water. Every retrieval of the line pulled a flaming mist off the surface. The orange droplets hovered with the insects before gently settling. Many people take fly-fishing classes. I learned through hours in solitude on the shores of Deer Creek. Patiently, I'd cast over and over. In the early days, the imaginary canvas looked like a slashed nightmare, as if a kindergartner had stabbed at brown paper with a fat eraser-less pencil. I shredded the canvas. My skill developed at the same rate as my height. Gradually, I felt my way into my own rhythm. I took five years of piano lessons at gunpoint and now I can't even pound out "Mary Had a Little Lamb."

My eyes floated along with the current. The water curled around a sunken log. The elegant fly placed itself directly above. The green, oblong rock sucked its meal from the surface and moved toward the safe shadows. I flipped the rod back. The fish responded. The line vibrated and tugged. Warm blood surged into my arms. My new friend and I alternately pulled on the line. I was winning. One of my ancestors must have been a fish, probably on my Dad's side. I think like a fish. I sense them. I'd see an eddy, a deep spot, a shadow, or a submerged log; if a rainbow or brown trout lay in hiding, I knew. My adopted cousin hated me because I caught all the fish.

The white jaw gasped the water at my feet. Exhausted, floated on its side. The pink stripe highlighted the gray-green spots on slippery skin. The rainbow trout's muscles thrashed when I touched it. I embraced the fourteen inch fish with one hand, and pried the hook from it's serrated lips with the other. "How would you feel if someone stuck a hook in your mouth?" I've been asked. I don't know how I'd feel. My brother does though. I was fishing on the shore of our lake and he walked up behind me. My whipping hook caught a bush behind me. By instinct I yanked. Alan screamed. It took a few moments to pull the hook out of his lower lip. When the barb is below the skin it's a lot harder to remove. Serves Alan right for having fat lips.

I admired the efficient structure of the trout. I envisioned the flaky white meat wrapped like a foil-covered chocolate. "Barbeque?" I questioned. As a youngster I hated the taste of fish. I'd hide my dry heaving at the dinner table. I drowned the fish sticks with a mouth full of tartar sauce. I knew if someone discovered my secret I'd be forbidden to fish, so I pretended. My mom swears fish has always been my favorite food. My hand released the fish into the soft water and it disappeared into

the mossy rocks. I used to think a released fish swam straight back to its family.

"There's gold in them thar' hills." While roaming up and down the creek I always kept an eye out to "strike it rich." Finding gold carries the same feeling of anticipation as fishing. Gambling too. Luckily, I don't live in Reno. My friend Thomas Pagan was drowning his legs in a refreshing pool during an August heat wave. I'm surprised he could see anything between his squinted eyelids. The words rolled out of his mouth, slurred and slow as molasses. "Whoa...check it out." He slid his hand into the generous creek. I figured the happy grass was choking his brain. I thought the second hand hash was tweaking my brain, too, when he produced the quarter-sized nugget. I've never found a piece.

Heaven lies high in the Sierras. In an unnamed lake, thirty-five miles from nowhere at 11,000 feet above sea level, sleep the biggest gold nuggets I've ever seen. Golden trout are native to the High Sierras. The deep gold skin makes them indisputably the prettiest of the trout family. Their meat is redder than the darkest salmon. The sweet oil tastes like manna. God prepared this place for me. Anyone I've talked to claims Goldens don't get bigger than six to eight inches. I don't dare tell them that there are four pounders out there.

Following the Coastline

Shem Greenwood

The sun, his eyes nearly tearful in weariness
Lays down his head to rest on the ocean
Ghosts of birds fly forever away
There is a sensation, like a girl's hand on the back of my neck
Entranced in the dusk as we approach the Kohala Mountains
A town I've never seen looks familiar
I am a n'ver, never empty, never filled
In my heart is longing without words
Like a sky without clouds
An inexpressible need
It may be for love, or to be more than I am
Or perhaps it is only a deep intuitive yearning to stand aside and offer comfort
As the night dies in the arms of the dawn.

Felucca on the Nile
Lindsay Heaton

Kind of Like a Moon Pie

Megan Romo

I fell off the back of his motorcycle because I was fixing my hair. It was a yellow Kawasaki Eliminator with purple flames, and the road rash scars on my feet will never let me forget it.

He had a thing for singing while riding that motorcycle, especially at night or on "beach days." When the wind carried a bar or two of whatever he sang back to me, it was often a tune I'd never heard before: a song from *Eddie and the Cruisers,* one in Italian by some blind tenor, and this other one that he sang in an accent I assumed was supposed to be Mexican. He knew every word to all 8 minutes and 32 seconds of Don McLean's "American Pie," and he knew musicals. From being in *South Pacific* in high school, he knew that "there is nothing like a dame"; he crooned "Luck Be a Lady" from *Guys and Dolls;* and he was even acquainted with *Pajama Game!* He seemed to love any music, all music, enough to be familiar with that odd musical about a pajama factory—but more than musicals and "American Pie," he had a passion for an Irish band with a lead singer named Bono.

He loved U2. He *loved* U2. *Loved.* But it wasn't an obsession. No, he wasn't weird. For him, U2 was a spiritual experience. He'd listen and scream with Bono about how he needed *someone's* love and that love was a temple. Oh, but none of that seemed to work out, because they couldn't "live, with or without you." I really liked the one where Bono sang that "a woman needs a man like a fish needs a bicycle." Fish do not need bicycles.

He also loved the drama *Law & Order.* He'd sprawl his six-foot self on the brown leather love seat and channel surf all seventy-some-odd channels for hours until he caught a glimpse of Mariska Hargitay deciphering a clue to the latest sex crime. He was satisfied if there were two episodes on at once, one on channel 8, one on 33, so when there was a commercial break for one, he could just switch over and remain saturated in simulated crime. During these marathon sitcom sessions, he would not answer the phone, even if caller-ID claimed it was his brother in Las Vegas. Sometimes I burrowed in a blanket next to him, lingering for *Law & Order,* and enduring History Channel documentaries on WWII aircraft.

U2 and Law & Order were just two of his idiosyncrasies. He wore bow ties. He grew out a well-trimmed beard, *Because he could.* He called himself pragmatic; he said it in the wrong context. One night in the hot tub on the lanai, I said, "Interesting that you keep your beard

so meticulously trimmed and whatnot... You take very good care of yourself." He said, "Yes, I'm very pragmatic." I just smiled, and the jets pushed bubbles in my swimsuit top. I didn't think he meant that he was *practical as opposed to idealistic;* that's what pragmatic means. That wouldn't have fit in the conversation.

That's what we were all about: conversation. I'd been stricken with a deadly case of logophilia, so we'd often sit in the North Shore breeze and just talk—sometimes talking for meaning, but most times talking for words. Certain words slipped off the tongue like Jell-O, others had to be spit like a cherry pit, testing their distance, some had to be chewed on for a while, like gum, and then were blown out in big bubbles. Words never fell out of our mouths; they were always carefully selected, because we knew the joy of selection.

I learned that he didn't only love the choice words from our native language, but those of Spanish as well. The Spanish words that rolled off his tongue were sensuous. They wrapped themselves around me, luring me to lean in and listen to a language I couldn't understand. After an interlude in Argentina, he returned with a favorite phrase ("Que porkaria!") and a predilection for *alfajores*. *Alphajores*, he described, were "kind of like a moon pie." When, at Christmas, he got a package from his family, I found that *alfajores* were layered wafers sandwiching caramel (he called it *dulce de leche*) and dipped in chocolate.

I tutored in our university's Reading/Writing Center, and the first time we formally met, he was beseeching a tutorial from any tutor who had time. One history teacher was requiring that each student have their essays edited before turning them in, and he'd enrolled in that class. I was sick of reading the same essay about Captain Cook in Hawaii over and over with the only difference being the variance of misspelled words, but for this tall, dark-haired boy with dimples, I figured I could swallow just one more rotten essay. His essay wasn't bad. His words were eloquent, well chosen, and the only errors I found were a few comma splices.

During tutorials, I made harmless jabs at the students' mistakes so they wouldn't take themselves too seriously. As we reviewed his paper, my smart remarks became more frequent and acerbic. At one point he stopped; he stared at me, "You're so cynical—" (I thought for sure I'd gone too far.) "—I love it!" Oh! So he appreciated sarcasm. Noted. First impression: he's just as good looking up close as he was from a distance. His hazel eyes are flecked with green-gold. He's a better writer than most (could use some work on the commas); he can take a joke, and understands my cynicism.

I found that he was more than a clever writer with Spanish moss colored eyes. Leaving a solid income and house with hardwood floors, vaulted ceilings, and furnishings he'd picked himself, he came from Kansas to Hawaii because he wanted impractical education and to network a "band of brothers." He came as a business major, but then changed his major to history because business was tedious, and he looked too good in a bow tie to spend all his time at entrepreneurial conferences.

We did homework together and, after we tired of mucking through the busywork, we shopped online for real estate in Kansas City, chateaus in France, "the perfect clogs," handheld computers, flip-flops, and swords. Instead of shopping one night, we constructed a mobile of *The Wizard of Oz* characters, another night we blew bright blue bubble-gum bubbles, and every night we ate chocolate.

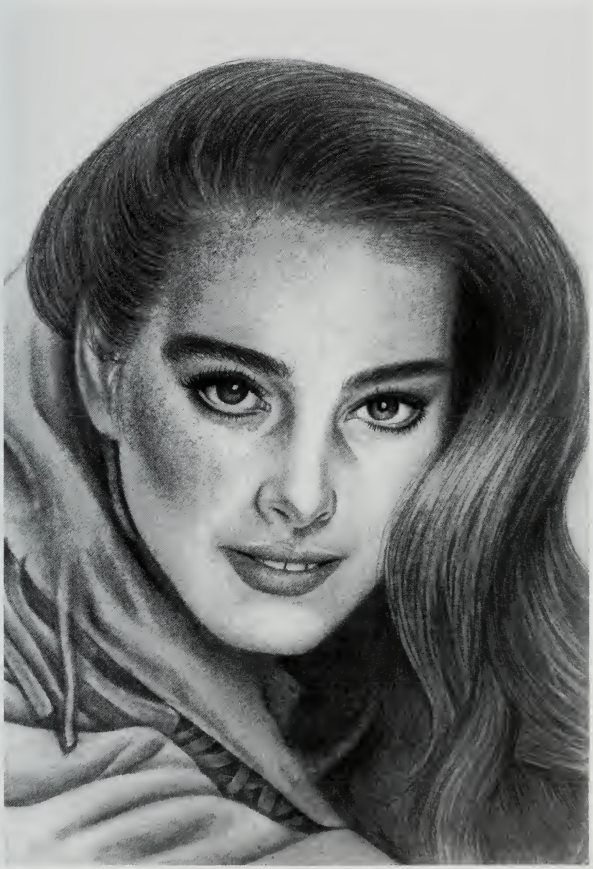
He had a knack for nicknames. I was "Chocolate Girl" and "Princess Littlefoot." He called me "Mighty Mite" because, like a firecracker, my explosions were expected yet unpredictable, loud but short-lived—and my hair was red. He gave me that particular pet name on an afternoon he'd coerced me into rollerblading to his house in the rain right after a run-in with one of my professors. I wasn't saying anything nice to or about anyone and rollerbladed from Laie to Hau'ula in record time.

"Mighty Mite" certainly suited me; I was passionate and fiery about *everything.* But, as equally passionate as he was about his endeavors, he was calm and reflective. My moods snapped instantly from dangerous to endearing; but he was deliberate and cognizant of the world surrounding him. I avoided conflicts with him because I knew I couldn't win. I would become emotional while he remained composed and reasonable. He always had an explanation for any way I was acting and told me so. It was infuriating.

When people met him, they often thought he was "shady," you know, that there was "something about him"; but they were never quite sure what it was. He was too charismatic for his own good, could sell sand in the Sahara, and was sure of himself in a way that was intimidating. He had no illusions about what he could accomplish; he wanted to be an attorney because he was gifted with persuasion and thought a courtroom the perfect arena wherein he could exercise that skill. Because of his eagerness to reach the bar, he treated many situations like he assumed he would in court. His zealous efforts at persuasion eliminated any competitive force he was up against. I think that was the "something about him": he was great and he knew it.

Whether in a Harley showroom, on the beach, or on the brown leather love seat waiting for *Law & Order,* I was comfortable; I came

into the world driven and stressed-out; he was a relaxing elixir. He may have incensed those who didn't understand him; but I did. His layers fascinated me; biting past each wafer to the underneath, I was pleased with what I found. And when he kissed me, there were the layers of *dulce de leche.* He tasted, just as I thought he should, layered—kind of like a moon pie.



My Favorite Movie Star

Wonhye Chong

The Bathroom Door

Debbie Frampton

The bathroom door is basement black and locked.
I can see it from my bed.
I wait and watch the yellow slip of light beneath the door.
"I know a secret," it winks at me.
When I can't wait any longer, I slide out of bed
and tap on the door.
"Daddy?" I say. "Can I come in?"
"Daddy?"
"Just a minute," he says, but it's not his voice.
I'm eight years old and I wet the bed.
It's better than the forever hallway,
and the fire-breathing furnace
and the freezy back porch stairs.

I'm nine, I'm ten, I'm eleven.
My mom is whispering and tapping at the
bathroom door.
The yellow blurs into black as I turn my pillow
over and squeeze my eyes closed.
The light can't keep the secret anymore.
I found it in the towels.
I wanted to be Wonder Woman.
I needed a cape to save the world.
But the secret was hiding in the towels.

I'm twelve and there's a hammer.
"Bill," my mom screams. "Let me come in!"
"So help me God, I'll break this door down."
The yellow light holds its breath for the blow.
"I'm not bluffing," my mom cries.
"Give me the needles!"
She's hitting and crying and hitting.
"You...promised, Bill...You...
promised."
I should have kept the secret
in the towels. I should have
saved my daddy.

I'm fourteen and there's a hole in the bathroom door.
The doorknob is gone.

We stuff the hole with toilet paper and hope
no one comes in.

Sunday Morning

Pamela Palmer

Everyone says that the first year is hardest. But what do they know?

Ann pushed a stack of last night's cereal bowls into the soapy water. It looked like the boys had eaten Frosted Flakes and Cheerios. They were hungry again because they stayed up so late. But they would have been hungry anyway; they didn't like the stir-fry she had fixed for dinner. Never had. Ann had to admit, it was no fun cooking for kids.

Sugar cereal and late nights.

Foam flew up and stuck on Ann's nose. She wiped it off with the corner of her apron. At least she wasn't wiping away tears.

This time last year she was blowing her nose on paper napkins. Or on the end of a beach towel or her t-shirt. Crying so she couldn't see to jog. This time last year, she was also awake at night. Listening for John's breathing. Finally crawling out of bed to kill mosquitoes. She killed twenty one night. Poised in the closet with the light on waiting for one to land. Then swat and a blood splat on the wall. It's one thing to be in bed alone, unable to sleep, but to be in bed alone with mosquitoes buzzing around the ears. Ann scratched her nose with a wet hand.

Now she couldn't sleep enough. No matter how long she slept she still felt tired. And she didn't have to sleep alone. They had had to move, and in the new apartment she had lots of company in bed. Marissa slept in the middle. She was five, that wonderful age when sleep is oblivion. She always ended up parallel to the foot of the bed, making a capital "H" with Ann and Isaac as the two legs. Ann woke up several times a night to rearrange, move her sweet and sweaty head back on the pillow, giving her soft cheek a kiss. Isaac was too far gone to care that feet pushed against his ribs. At seventeen, he was taller than John had been, but he still slept like a growing boy.

Yes, she slept with her teenage son. She worried about it a little until she talked to Dr. G, the psychiatrist John had gone to for pain management hypnosis.

"So what do you think? Is it weird?"

"I don't know. Is it?"

"Not for me."

"What about for him?"

"I don't think so."

"Then it probably isn't."

They guy got paid 134 bucks an hour for this kind of psychiatric advise, but Ann saw it could be worth it.

Ann wiped her hands and pulled up the strap of the apron. She put the apron on because, although church was still three hours away, she was ready. Too much competition for the bathroom later.

She scrubbed last night's smoothie out of the blender jar. She had gotten up at midnight to make the drink. The least he could have done was rinse out the jar. Isaac had been up late watching "Saturday Night Live."

"Mom?"

"Um hm. . ."

"Are you asleep?"

"Not any more."

"I'm hungry."

"Get something to eat."

"There isn't anything."

"How about a sandwich?"

"I'm too tired to make it. And anyway, I feel like something cold."

"Maybe you should just go to bed."

"I'm too hungry."

So she had gotten up. (It was a first child thing.) Peeled a mango and a banana. Added yogurt and frozen strawberries. And she'd stayed up to talk a little bit. His impersonation of the church lady always made her laugh.

"Is it...Could it be...Satan?" She knew they were making fun of people who believe in the literal reality of such an evil beast, and she was one of them. Still it was funny. But worse than that, "Saturday Night Live" made for Sunday morning dead.

Maybe she was too tired to cry.

It was 8:00. Ann had been up since 5:00. Coloring Ruth and Naomi for a flannel board story for Primary class. Taking a long shower, the only day of the week she had the luxury, shaving her legs, waiting for the conditioner to soak into her hair. She had straightened up the living room, folded up the Monopoly board after dumping off the houses and hotels. The room was too small to keep a game in progress. They'd have to understand. Now she was doing last night's dishes. The ones they used after dinner. The cereal bowls. Isaac's blender jar. The frying pan Aaron and his friends used to cook some eggs. Assorted glasses and plates. She needed to clean so she would have room to make another mess, making a big batch of waffles, something to lure them out of bed early enough to get to church on time.

Last year she would have turned on some music, Gregorian chants of hymns, music that John liked to hear. He had put an extra set of speakers in the kitchen downstairs, when they had a kitchen down-

stairs, so he could listen while he cooked. Last year, she would have turned that on and it would have made her cry. But last year, the kids would have been asleep in rooms with doors that shut, rooms in other parts of the house, rooms upstairs.

This year she had no privacy to make noise.

She had no privacy for anything. Least of all a seance, and that was probably just a well.

John had missed everything. He hadn't come for Christmas as far as she could tell. She had put the presents under the tree (a smaller pile than usual, but that was good. She'd wanted to simplify for years and she finally had a good excuse). She filled the stockings and then sat in the living room by herself. He missed her birthday (but then he often missed her birthday), and Easter (they hid eggs in the cemetery, around his grave) and his birthday (they had a party, ate his favorite cheesecake, and didn't save a piece for him because he didn't have a body, and he wasn't there). He missed their anniversary, which would have been their 20th, and he even missed May Day, his own version.

She'd gathered plumeria to encourage him, in case he was anywhere around. Marissa and Amber climbed a neighbor's fence to reach the blossoms, snap them off, and toss them into her bag.

"Who's the lei for Mom?"

"Good question."

She gathered candles and selected poems. The essential ingredients. Mostly. And after everyone was asleep she locked her door. It had been awhile since she had any reason to lock it. Set up her shrine in the closet. Arranged the flowers around the candle and lit it. Read the poems, and laughed at herself out loud.

Ann got out a big bowl for the waffle batter. She could make it in her sleep. Four cups of flour to feed six kids. Powdered milk, baking powder, salt, mix. Separate the eggs. Egg yolks in the flour, then oil and water in the cup. Water, mix. Beat egg yolks, fold. She got out the waffle iron but didn't plug it in. She wouldn't wake the boys until ten. Church was at eleven and the older ones objected if they had any extra time. Marissa and Amber were usually awake by now.

Isaac and Aaron, and the twins, David and Douglas, had perfected the ten hour sleep. At least David and Douglas got themselves ready. They even tied their own ties, the long end tucked in between the bottom buttons of their shirts. They must have learned the knot at Scouts. Ann certainly hadn't taught them, and they hadn't worn ties yet when John was around.

Everyone was doing okay, really. They had all adjusted reasonably well to the move and the tight space. There were occasional lapses,

Aaron kicking David and Douglas and their Monopoly game out of the bedroom so he could get some sleep or be alone with his friends.

The syrup was boiling. Two parts sugar to one part water and part of a teaspoon maple flavoring. Ann put plates on the table. And butter. Knives and forks. Moving slowly. She put her lesson manual and Naomi and Ruth in her church bag and set it by the door. Still only 8:30. She sat down in the rocker. Shut her eyes and prayed.

"Help me, Heavenly Father, to have the spirit when I teach my primary class. Help me to get through this day. Bless the kids to cooperate in getting ready for church."

Marissa came in and reached up with one arm since the other was attached to the thumb in her mouth. Ann pulled her onto her lap.

"Morning, Beauty. Have a good sleep?" Marissa stuck her bottom lip. "What's the matter?"

"I don't want to go to church."

"Why not?"

"I just don't."

"How about a waffle?"

"Okay, but I'm not going to church."

"I get the first one."Amber stumbled in. Marissa pulled her thumb from her mouth,

"No, I do."

"Don't fight already. We'll split it."

"No, I want a whole one."

"Amber, you take a shower before the boys wake up and then the second waffle will be done."

At ten Ann woke everyone. They all got up, even Sunday Morning Dead. He sat down on the bench and lay his head on the table, pushing aside a knife and fork and plate.

"Do you need me to iron your shirt?"

"Naw. I like it wrinkled."

By the time they ate the waffles, it was time to go.

"Can everybody find shoes? David and Douglas, you better leave now so that you can pass sacrament."

They put on slippers and were out the door. Aaron slowly buckled his belt and combed back his long wet hair with his fingers. He was ready except shoes and he had them in his hand to put on in the car. They drove the car two blocks because that's what it took to get everyone there. Amber wanted French braids and handed Ann the elastics and brush.

"I'll have to do it at church."

Everyone was out the door but Marissa. Marissa was missing. Ann walked into the bedroom. There she was, beside the bed, curled up on the floor, her thumb plugged into her mouth.

"I'm not going to church. I have nothing to wear." (Or that's what Ann translated around the thumb in her mouth.)

"You are five years old. That's too young to have nothing to wear."Marissa just stared.

"Wear anything. How about this blue dress?"

"No."

"Or the green one Laura gave you."

"I hate that dress."

"No one will be home to tend you."

"I don't care. I'll stay home alone."

"You can't stay home alone, and I have to teach primary. I have to go to church."

Isaac appeared in the doorway, jangling keys in his hand.

"What's taking you guys? We're in the car."

"Marissa doesn't want to go to church. She can't find anything to wear. I can't believe I can get up at 5:00 and still be late for church."

Isaac stood a minute and looked at his mom. "I'll help her. You go ahead." He tossed Ann the keys and sat down on the bed. He looked to Ann like he could curl up as easily as Marissa. She was sure she wouldn't see either of them until she got back.

"Oh, all right." Ann sighed. "But please try to come."

She drove in silence. She thought he would have at least come back to mark the day he died. She'd sat by his grave, then stretched out to wait. Finally she got up and brushed the weeds from her hair, picked stickers from the back of her skirt, brushed herself off and went home.

David and Douglas were waiting in the foyer--too late to pass the sacrament. And when they all trooped in, someone else was in their usual pew. Ann led them to a place in the overflow, in back. They were singing the sacrament song, but there were no hymn books back there.

"I'm sorry, Heavenly Father, but I can't do this alone."

Just before they closed the doors for the prayer, Isaac walked in. Marissa was beside him. She was dressed in her blue dress and he was holding her hand.

It took him a minute, but Isaac finally found them. He sat down beside Ann and pulled Marissa up on his lap. Ann put her arm around his shoulders and squeezed him.

And though not at all sad, she started to cry.

Girl Doll

Amber Hanza

Simplicity

Syreeta Ho

"I can't wait 'til I'm older; then I can do anything I want and I won't have to listen to my parents!" This is my attitude. I am young, not yet ten. My hair is black, straight, and I have a bowl cut with bangs. I am already beginning to display the passion that will mature with age as I reflect how much more fun and simpler my life would be, if only I were older. Sure, I play with my friends, and it's super fun when Heidi and I give each other haircuts, but the grownups don't agree with my idea of fun.

I have to listen to the dings and dongs of the clock and count every day, a big chore for me. When it chimes five times, I head home. The bells cut my day short. Before the bells came I could whine I was not near a clock and did not have a watch. Being a kid is so frustrating! The worst is going home and getting in trouble with mom because I'm late or I'm too dirty to come into the house. The wrath of a mad mom in my house is scary and everyone in my family knows this and tries to avoid it. Grownups are weird. I'm not going to be silly when I'm older. I'm going to be fun.

Hanging out and playing with Heidi makes life enjoyable. An entire group of us hang out together: Sally, Jennilyn, Hyrum, Micah, basically the "N" building crew and a few stragglers from the other buildings. We play "Red Rover" and "Gold Water"(or was it "Go Water?"), spin out of control atop the tire swing, and pack into the tunnel while we take turns standing outside to spin it. Being stuck in the middle of the tunnel isn't fun because I feel like I can't breathe and I am going to suffocate—fun times. Guys are friends and we all get along great and the building I live in has the playground right in front of it.

Playing in the bushes, making little living spaces inside for a 'house' is fun too. Heidi's brother, Mitch, is my husband, which means that he helps me burrow in the bushes and make our little house. Red mud is entertaining. We pretend it is clay and get it on our cheeks, in our hair, hands and feet, though it leaves permanent marks wherever it touches my clothes. We try to catch frogs and sneak into the rock quarry.

Being around the same old group of people gets boring and sometimes I look at Emma playing volleyball and admire how she chews her gum and makes bubbles in her mouth, just like my mom. I look at her in awe and long to be older and cooler. Liz is so pretty. I want to look like her when I grow up. Phoebe has a boyfriend. I heard that she kissed him. Ewwww. Boys are good to play with, but not that kind of

play. I still wish that I could spin on the high bar like Phoebe does but I need to be taller. When we get hungry, we go to Heidi's house for her mom's cookie dough, or Aunty Sharon's yummy chocolate-covered frozen bananas. Life is so easy, too simple at times. Having friends is the best part. I want to spend as much time as I can with my pals. I don't have much to think or worry about.

I got my period later than most of my friends. Now, I'm in seventh grade in the locker room dressing out for P.E. I hear the girls whine about how it's their time of the month and how they hate it because of cramps. Huh? The mystery of it intrigues me. I don't even have boobs while these girls have fancy bras. I wish I knew what it felt like. I wonder if having PMS is as bad as the girls make it out to be. I know that when my mom gets a little weird my dad blames it on Ms. Maxi who makes an appearance every month. I promise that I will not act like my mom. The red lockers remind me of periods.

Hans is the guy I like. He is cute and quiet. He's in my stupid typing class. Hans is the only reason I go. The teacher just gives us busy work. He's got green eyes and spiky hair and the brightest smile. I wish he would talk to me because I have a feeling he likes me, too. What's wrong with the boys at school? Only the ones I don't like, like me. I wish I could be like Tisha and Rachael because they have boyfriends. Hanging out with my girlfriends is nice, but I wish that Hans was in love with me.

When girls have boyfriends, they change. Rachael no longer has time for me. We always promised that we would be best friends forever, but then Bristol came into the picture. I am hanging with a new group of fun girls. I cannot relate to all my new friends because they are not like me. They drink and smoke. They don't have boyfriends, though.

Now, I can't believe that I will be graduating from high school. I don't feel ready for life. A lot of my friends have babies: Joy, Io, and Marina's pregnant. I haven't even had a boyfriend yet. Hans has gone out with a few girls since my huge crush on him in the eighth grade. I'll love him forever. Rachael is no longer with Bristol, and she's moved away. Heidi and Mitch are gone, yet our families still keep in touch. I look forward to college because I have not yet found my place. I feel awkward and unwanted by males, so I focus on school.

College has been better for me. I have been kissed, yet I'm almost ashamed to say by how many guys. I have a boyfriend. We have been together for a while. Life with a boyfriend is not all it's cracked up to be. Having a boyfriend doesn't mean that I'm happy all the time or that he magically makes all my worries disappear. We have arguments like my parents—like old people! That time of the month, Ms. Maxi's

visit, is a pain. Pads remind me of diapers and I have just recently gotten over my fear of the tampon. I had such big plans that have not happened. Where'd all the time go? So much to think about. I am grown up and all I wish for is to be a kid again and live in my small, fun, timeless world. No more five o'clock curfew. I am in the library until 11pm. I work for school money five days a week as a waitress. Most of my friends have babies or are married. I am losing touch and I feel sad. Heidi is married with two children. I am going to graduate from college this year and I don't feel prepared. When I was a kid all I wanted was to be older. Now I feel it all happened too fast and I wish I could go back and listen for the bells again.

That Real

John Resse

Ku

Luke Mease

"You haunting?"

"Huh?" Startled and confused, I peered into the shadows in the direction of the gruff voice. A dark, thick figure painted a clear silhouette against a heavy, concrete picnic bench.

"You haunting?" The words, clear through a thick pidgin accent, bounced slowly through my haole brain, seeking some sort of significance.

There seemed to be no other recourse but to admit my ignorance. "Uh… I'm sorry, I don't understand."

Intent on making himself clear, he slowly enunciated the question.

"You looking foh' drugs?"

This question, posed to me in any other circumstance, would have been a bit offensive. That night, however, it was absolutely valid. It was me, after all, a brightly dressed mainland haole, who had been wandering the streets of south Waianae at 3:30 a.m. that Saturday morning. Surely I could be looking for only one of two things; drugs, or a good beating.

"No," I answered quietly, "I just wanted to find some hot cocoa." It was chilly, camping on the beach, and I knew that had a few hours to burn before the people that I was with would awake. The shape turned its head and stared just over my shoulder. Turning my head in the same direction, I saw that he was staring at my friends. In the low light they were nothing more than three black lumps, huddled very close to a bush of naupaka, trying to find some shelter from the cold offshore winds that had disturbed my sleep. The irregular black designs of shoes, clothes and backpacks radiated out from the three lumps, painting a weird black splatter on the white sand. Four bikes lie locked together on the grass that feathered out into the sand, just mauka from the mess of bodies, clothes and backpacks.

The shape leaned forward, a little closer to the light. I could make out a thick muscled body, with a perfectly rounded belly. He wore nothing but a pair of shorts, and his smooth skin glistened when he turned in the light. His hair, cut short, was unkempt and uneven. Turning back towards me, he spoke quietly.

"You from here?" His voice was raspy, uneven and rough; the sound of someone who smokes. The question, though seemingly loaded, carried an honest tone of interest. He sounded tired and cold. He continued to ask me questions, and my hesitant answers became

more confident as it became apparent that he was looking for nothing more than a way to pass the time. Sympathetic to his cause, I stood there, shifting from foot to foot, and talked.

We talked about the night, the wind and the glassy waves that peaked and then subsided, unbroken, a few hundred feet offshore. I told him about my family in Colorado, and my schooling in La'ie. I explained the bikes, that we had ridden down from La'ie the day before, and that we figured that we were a little over half way through our circle island bike trip. I told him how the dry weather of the leeward side reminded me of my home in Colorado, and how the houses, dogs and cops of Waianae reminded me of the time that I had spent in Panama.

He told me where to find good bodysurfing on the Westside, and told me about growing up in Maili. He told me where I could find hot cocoa at 3 a.m., carefully explaining that I needed to go south into Maili, instead of north towards Waianae. He told me about having never left Oahu, about his curiosity, about wondering what was out there and not really knowing. He asked me for cigarettes, and told me where we could all get some free breakfast the next morning.

Without ever explicitly saying it, it became clear that he lived there, at Maili Beach Park. I thought that I had seen him the evening before, with another man and a woman. All three were bathing in the showers of the beach park, not just rinsing off, but carefully washing, with the soap and shampoo that they left at the showers. All three had their own towels, carefully hung on the clothing hooks near the showers. Homeless and apparently broke, he didn't sound angry or even disillusioned about his lot in life, simply tired.

Occasionally, just before speaking, he would stare off into the distance, still facing my direction, but looking far beyond me. He must have been staring up at the thick, uneven black line that the Waianaes painted against the dark blue sky and white clouds. Before long, we were both silent, staring at the glowing, full moon, hovering just above a dip in the thick black fingers of earth stretching and pointing upwards.

Sensing that the conversation had ended and wanting to continue my quest for some hot cocoa, I stepped closer. Extending my hand, I formally introduced myself.

"I'm Luke."

As he stretched forward, his face finally slipped into the light. He could have been no more than thirty. His arms and chest were tattooed, and the layer of fat covering his body did not obscure the thick ripple of muscles. His face was square and he had a hard, set jaw. His

eyes, reflecting the light, sparkled against the dark canvas of his face. Unblinking, like a shark or a tiki, his sparkling eyes looked directly into mine, searching, probing. Angry, deep and questioning, his eyes remained fixed on mine as he gently shook my hand.

"Ku."

Ku. The named echoed through my mind as I slowly turned my back and begin walking towards the Farrington Highway. Ku. The Hawaiian god of war. Ku. Reverenced, worshiped, prayed to, feared. Ku. Living in a beach park on the Westside, no stranger to the hand-outs, drugs and cops that haunted his beautiful leeward home. Ku.

The directions that Ku gave me were impeccable, and within 15 minutes I was standing in the warm fluorescent glow of a convenience store, munching on a fresh curry manapua and sipping hot chocolate. I grabbed a musubi for the road and slowly wound my way down the highway, back to the beach park.

Before long I was back on my bike, with the slow blur of blue on one side and the blur of brown on the other framing the black highway unrolling before us. The day passed quickly in a pleasant, quiet meditation of movement. Rolling from the brown of Kaena Point to the low, green pastures west of Waimea, to the verdant emerald of La'ie, thoughts of Ku rolled through my mind like gentle waves of an ebb tide. An apparition that gently faded, his sparkling eyes were gradually obscured by the unflinching sun and the persistent burning of my legs.

La'ie to La'ie, the details of the trip have slowly faded into a fluid landscape of colors in my mind; green to brown to gray to brown to green. From this surreal landscape one clear image remains, a face, set against the dark, glowering lines of the Waianaes, still shining out in stark detail.

Why can I still hear Ku's voice? Why does his black silhouette still fade in and out of the shadows in the dark of the mountains? Who was Ku? A god? A homeless bum? A vision? A hallucination? A dream?

The only answer that I have found is that Ku was a Hawaiian. Hawaiian like Israel Kamakawiwo'ole, blessed with an amazingly expressive voice; at the same time plagued by an unhealthy, Western diet, singing beautifully, but dying young and horribly obese. Hawaiian, like the magically polymorphic koa and sweet smelling sandalwood, exploited, rare, displaced by introduced species. Hawaiian like the strong, steep waves of Boilers, raising their feathering hands heavenward, folding into to perfect, hollow, blue cylinders and then imploding into a white, frothing mess. Hawaiian like I am not.

My meeting with Ku left me, like one on Eliot's magi, no longer at ease. Without trying or meaning to, Ku taught me what it means to

live as a foreigner in your own land. He taught me what mana is, and how a broken man acts and speaks. Ku taught me what haunting is.

That chilly night, when I met Ku, was he haunting? I think that he was chilly, like me, restless and looking for something to break the tedium of an overly long night. Honestly, I don't think that he was looking for any drugs harder than a hit of nicotine. Sometimes, however, lying in my bed, feeling the wind of the fan caress my face like the wind that blew down from the Waianaes that night, I think of Ku. Closing my eyes, pulling a warm blanket up to my chin and rolling onto my side, I can see his face. His eyes, angry, hollow and clear stare into mine. He seems to be questioning my stomach, full of good food, my soft, warm bed, and above all, my incredible good luck of living in his paradise. His eyes sparkle, searching for something. Those nights, Ku still haunts me.

Phoenix

Jennie Allred

Dampen my voice, ye sorrowing muses.
Let not my mewings disturb your grieving.

This poor vessel cannot hold
your sweet wine;
This old house is haunted with
winter and solitude.

Drown my voice in your anger;
Scatter my ashes to the winds.

When your death-shaded cloaks
are cast aside;
When spring again
warms your bare arms and faces--

Breathe upon my memories,
and watch the Phoenix rise.